

Resolution of the Canon on the opposite side

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Praise god upon the

The Poetry of No 10 is by Sir Phil. Sydney, in his Arcadia.  
and that of No 18 is by Fulke Greville Lord Brooke

No 2 is the celebrated Song called "Lacrymæ" mentioned  
in the play of "No wit no helld like a woman's" by Th<sup>o</sup> Middleton  
(who died in 1627) "Then playest Dowland's Lacrymæ to thy  
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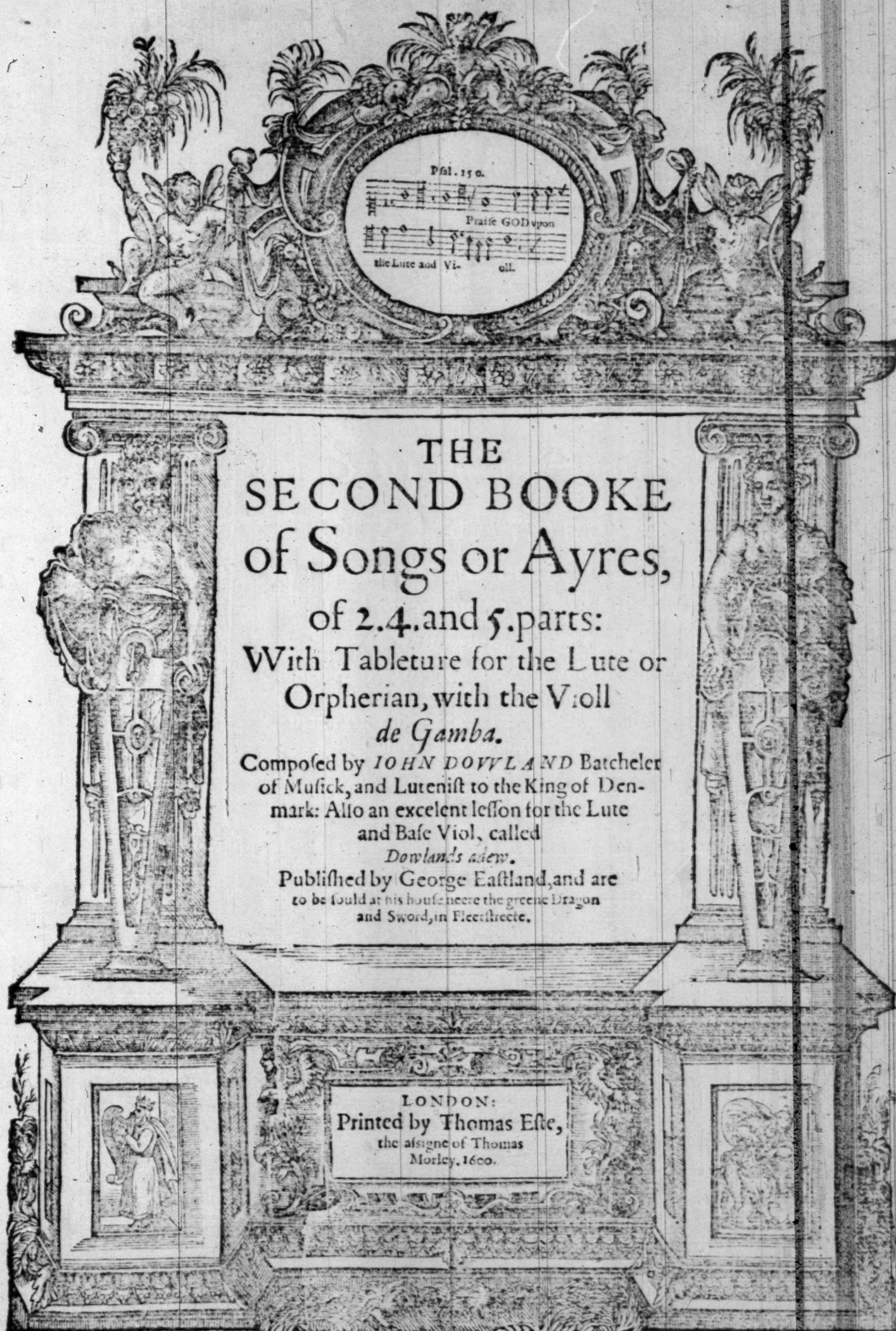
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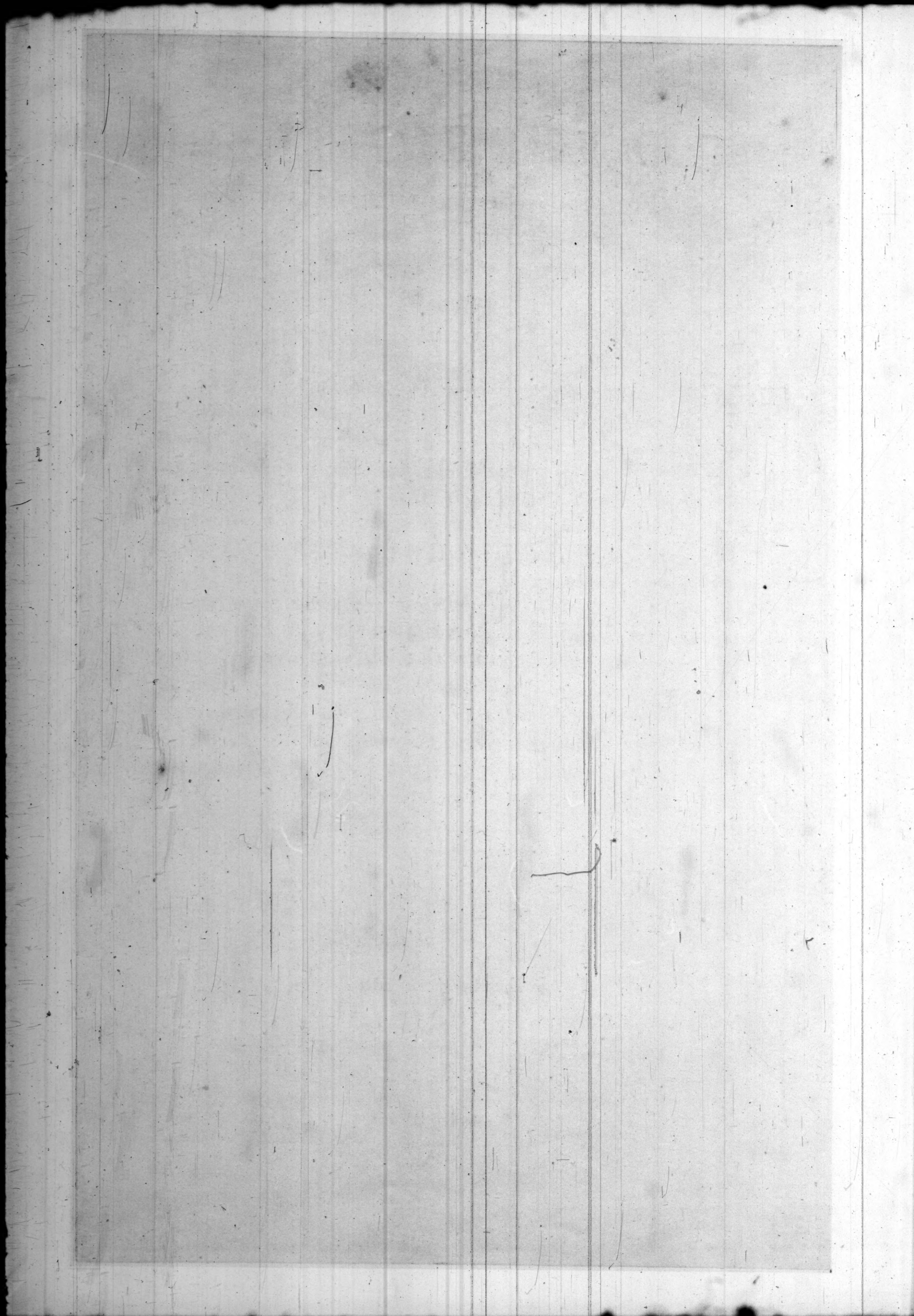
THE  
SECOND BOOKE  
of Songs or Ayres,  
of 2. 4. and 5. parts:  
With Tableture for the Lute or  
Orpherian, with the Violl  
*de Gamba.*

Composed by *JOHN DOWLAND* Batcheler  
of Musick, and Lutenist to the King of Den-  
mark: Also an excellent lesson for the Lute  
and Base Viol, called  
*Dowlands adew.*

Published by George Eastland, and are  
to be sold at his house neere the Greene Dragon  
and Sword, in Fleetstreete.

LONDON:  
Printed by Thomas Este,  
the assigne of Thomas  
Morley. 1600.







# TO THE RIGHT

Honorable the Lady Lucie

Comptesse of BEDFORD.



Xcellent Ladie: I send vnto your La: from the Court of a forreine Prince, this volume of my second labours: as to the worthiest Patronesse, of Musicke: which is the Noblest of all Sciences: for the whole frame of Nature, is nothing but Harmonie, as wel in soules, as bodies: And because I am now remoued from your sight, I will speake boldly, that your La: shall be vntankfull to Nature hir selfe, if you doe not loue, & defend that Art, by which she hath giuen you so well tuned a minde.

Your Ladiship hath in your selfe, an excellent agreement of many vertues, of which: though I admire all, Yet I am bound by my profession, to giue especial honor, to your knowledge of Musicke: which in the iudgement of ancient times, was so proper an excelencie to Wæmen, that the Muses tooke their name from it, and yet so rare, that the world durst imagin but nine of them.

I most humbly beseech your La: to receiue this worke, into your fauour: and the rather, because it commeth far to beg it, of you. From Helsingnoure in Denmarke the first of Iune.

1600.

Your Ladiships

in all humble deuotion:

Iohn Dowland.

A.ij.



To the right Noble and Vertuous  
Ladie, Lucie Comptesse of  
BEDFORD.

G. Eastland, To I. Dowlands Lute.

**L**ete arise and charme the aire,  
Vntill a thousand formes shee beare,  
Coniure them all that they repaire,  
Into the circles of hir eare,  
Euer to dwell in concord there,  
  
By this thy tunes may haue acceffe,  
Euen to hir spirit whose flowing treasure,  
Dosh sweetest Harmonie expresse,  
Filling all eares and hearts with pleasure  
On earth, obseruing heavenly measure,  
Right well can shee Iudge and defend them,  
Doubt not of that for shee can mend them.

To the curteous Reader.



Entlemen, if the consideration of mine owne estate, or the true worth of mory, had preuailed with me, about the desire of pleasuring you, and shewing my loue to my friend, this second labours of Maister Dowland, (whose very name is a large prieface or commendacions to the booke,) had for euer laine hid in darknesse, or at the least frozen in a colde and forreine country. I assure you that both my charge and paines in publishing it, hath exceeded ordinary, yet thus much I haue to assure mee of requitall, that neither the work is ordinary nor are your iudgements ordinary to whom I present it, so that I haue no reason but to hope for good increase in my labours, especially of your good fauours toward mee, which of all things I most esteeme. Which if I finde in this, I meane shortly (God willing) to set at liberty for your seruice, a prisoner taken at Calles, who if hee discouers not something (in matter of Musicke) worthy your knowledge, let the reputation of my iudgement in Musicke aunswere it. In the meane time, I commend my absent friend to your remembrance, and my selfe to your fauorable conceits.

George Eastland.

From my house neere the greene Dragon  
and word in Fleetstreet.



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*Forse not my Soules*  
Songs to 5. voices.

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FINIS.

B.



**L** Saw my La-  
dy weepe, and for- row proud to bee ad-uan- ced so:  
in those faire eies, ij. where all perfections keepe, hir face was full of woe,  
full of woe, but such a woe (beleue me) as wins more hearts, then mirth can doe, with hir, ij.  
in- ty- sing parts.

Sorrow was there made faire,  
And passion wise, eares a delightfull thing,  
Silence beyond all speech a wildome rare,  
Shee made hir sighes to sing,  
And all things with so sweet a sadnesse moue,  
As made my heart at once both grieue and loue.

O fayrer then ought ells,  
The world can shew, leaue of in time to grieue,  
Inough, mough, your ioyfull looks excell,  
Teares kills the heart belieue,  
O striue not to bee excellent in woe,  
Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.



To the most famous, Anthony Holborne.

I.

CAN. O.



saw my Lady weep, ii.

ij.



ij.

and sorrow proud, to bee advanced



so, in those fayer eyes, ij.

vher all perfections keep: Hir face vvas full full of



vvoe, But such a vvoe, as winnes more hearts, Then mirth can doe, with hir intising parts.





Low my teares fall from your springs, Exilde for e-uer: Let mee  
Downe vaine lights shine you no more, No nights are dark e- nough for

FF FF F F F

morne where nights black bird hir sad-infamy sings, there let mee lue for- lorne.  
those that in dis- paire their last fortunes deplore, light doth but shame dis- close,

F FF F F F FF FF F

Neuer may my woes be re- lieued, since pit- tie is fled, and teares, and sighes, and grones  
Frō the highest spire of con- tentment, my for- tune is throwne, and feare, and grieft, and paine

F F FF FF F

my wearie dayes, ij. of all ioyes haue de- pri- ued.  
tor my de- ferts, ij. are my hopes since hope is gone.

F FF F FF FF FF FF F F

Harke you shadowes that in darcknesse dwell, learne to contemne light, Happie, happie they

F F FF FF FF F FF FF F F



that in hell feele not the worlds des-  
 pite.

LACRIME.

II.

BASSO.



Low teares from your springs, Ex-ild for e-uer let me mourne: wher  
 Down lights shine no more, no night is dark enough for those: that

nights black bird hir sad in- fa. my sings, ther let me liue forlorne.  
 in dif- pair their fortunes de-plore, light doth but shame disclose.

Ne- uer may my vwoes, my vwoes, be re- lie- ued, since pitt'js fled: and reares, and  
 From the high-est spire, high't spire of contentment, my fortunes throwne, and feare, and

sighes, and grones, my vwea-ry dayes, ij. all ioyes haue depriued. Harke that in  
 grieffe, and paine, for my de- scerts, ij. are hopes, hope is gone.

darkenesse dwel, learne to contemne light, happy: ij. they that in hell feele not the worlds despite.



**S** Orrow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares,

to a woefull, ij. wretch-ed wight, hence, ij. dis- paire with thy tor-

menting feares: doe not, O doe not my heart poore heart affright, pittie, ij. ij.

ij. ij. ij. help now or neuer, mark me not to endlesse paine, ij.

a- las I am cōdempnē'd, ij. I am condemned e-uer, no hope, no

help, ther doth re- maine; but downe, down, down, down I fall, ij. downe



BASSO.

111.

S

Orrow sorrow stay, lend true repentant teares, lend true repentant teares,

to a wofull wretched wight: Hence hence dispaire, with thy tormenting feares, ij.

Oh do not my poore hart my poore hart affright: Pittie pittie help now or neuer, marke mee

not to endlesse paine, ij. alasie I am condemned, condemned euer: ij.

I am condem'd euer, no hope no help ther doth remaine, but downe d. d. d. I fall, but

downe d. d. d. d. I fall, downe & arise, downe and a- rise, a- rise I neuer shall, but downe d.

d. d. d. I fall, but downe d. d. d. d. I fall, downe & arise, downe & a- rise, a- rise, arise,

ij. ij. ij. I neuer shall.

and a-rise, ij. I ne- uer shall, but downe, downe, downe

downe, I fall, ij. downe and a- rise, ij.

I ne- uer shall.

C.ii.



**D** Ye not bee- fore thy day, poore poore man condemned,  
But lift thy low lookes, ij. from the humble earth, Kisse not dispaire & see sweet  
hope con- temned: The hag hath no delight, but mone but more for mirth, O  
fye poore fond- ling, ij. sic sic bewilling, to pre-  
serue thy self from killing: Hope thy keeper glad to free thee, Bids thee goe and will not see thee, O



hye thee quickly from thy wrong, so shee endes hir willing song.

D.

**BASSO.**

**IIII.**

Ye not before thy day poore man condemn'd, but lift thy low looks  
 thy lookes from t' humble earth, kisse not dispaire &  
 ij.

see sweet hope cōtemned: The hag hath no delight but mone but mone for mirth, O fye O fye  
 fye poore fondling fye fye be vvilling, to preferue thy selfe frō killing, Hope hope thy keeper is  
 glad for to free thee, and bids thee goe and will not see thee, hye thee quickly from thy wrong,  
 so shee endes hir vvilling song.





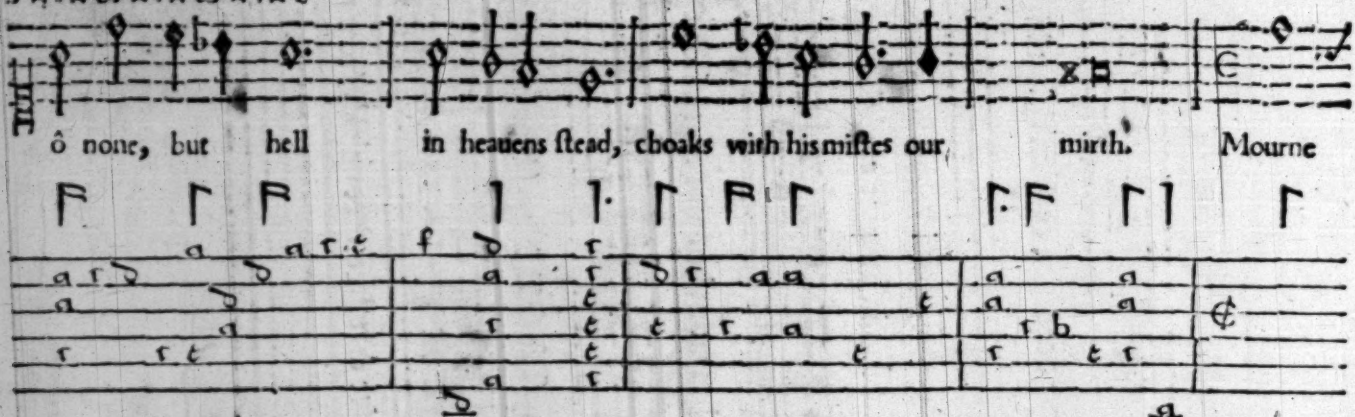
Ourne, mourne, day is with darknesse fled, whar heauen then go-uerne earth,

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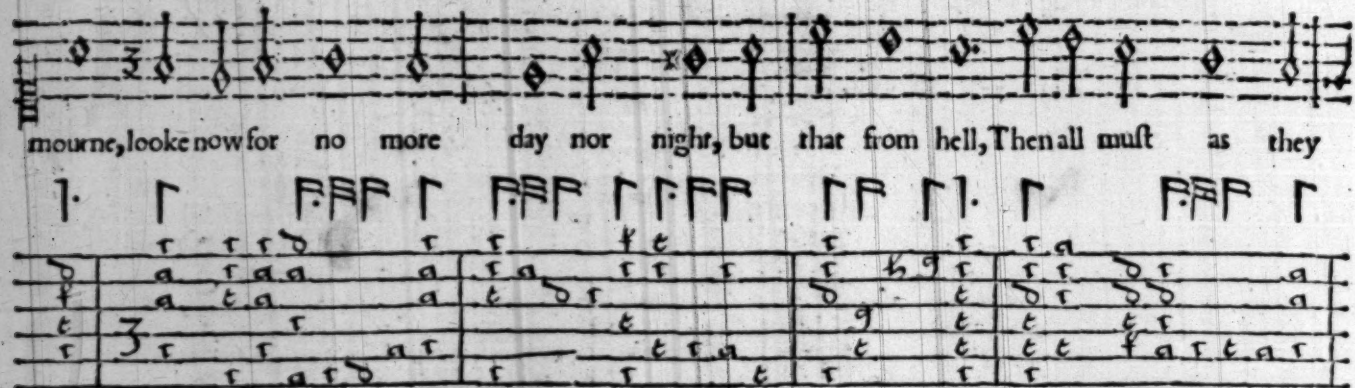
o none, but hell in heauens stead, choaks with his mistes our mirth. Mourne

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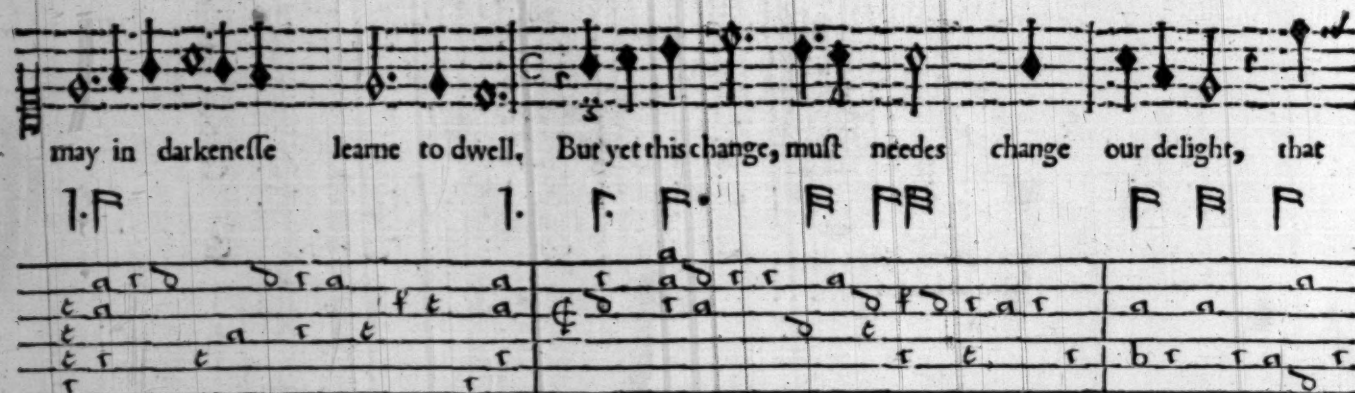
mourne, looke now for no more day nor night, but that from hell, Then all must as they

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1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.



may in darknesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, must needs change our delight, that

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1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.

1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1. 1.



thus the Sunne, ij. the Sun should harbour with the night.

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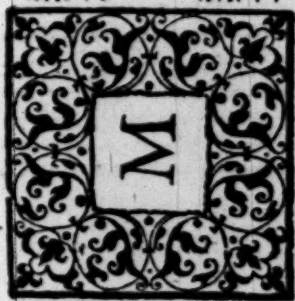
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V.

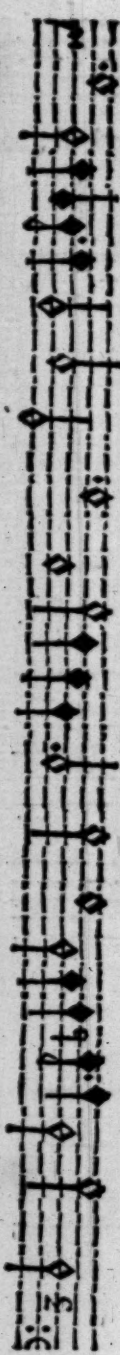
BASSO.



Ourne daies with darknesse fled, What heauen then gouernes earth, O



none but hell in heauens stead, Chokes with his mists our mirth. Mourne



looke now for no more day, nor night but that from hell, Then all must as they may,



In darknesse learne to dwell, But yet this change, this change, must change de-



light, That thus the Sunne should harbour with the night.





Imes eldest sonne, olde age the heyre of ease, Strēghs for, lous woe, and foster

I I I I I I I I I



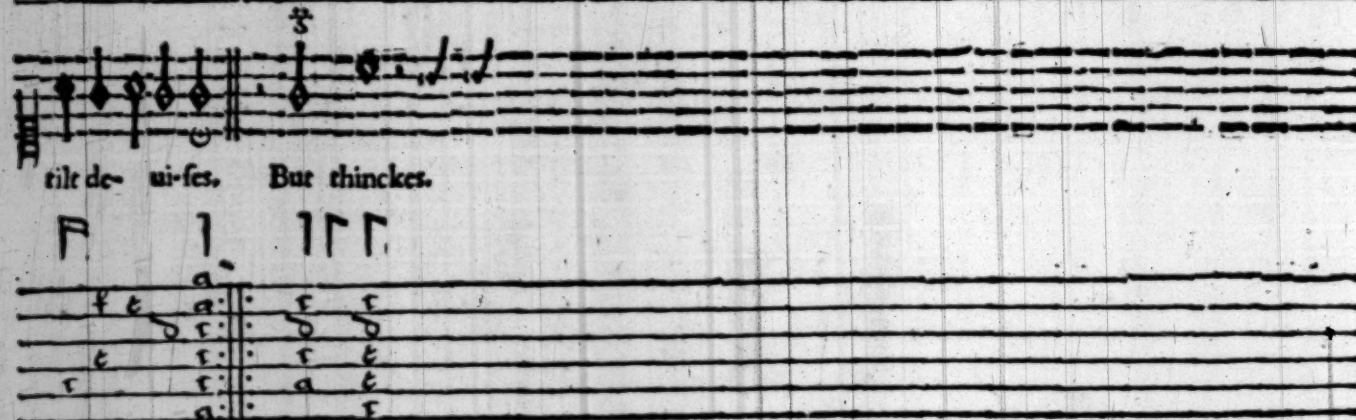
to deuotion, bids gallant youths in marshall prowes please, as for himselfe, hee hath no earth-ly

F I I F I I I F



motion, But thinks sighes, teares, Vowes, praers, and sa-cri-fi-ces, As good as shewes, maskes, iustes, or

I I I I I I I I I I I I I



tilt de- ui-fes. But thinckes.

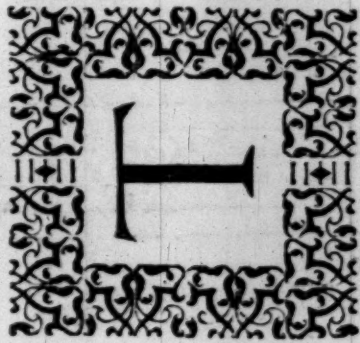
F I I I



First part.

VI.

BASSO.



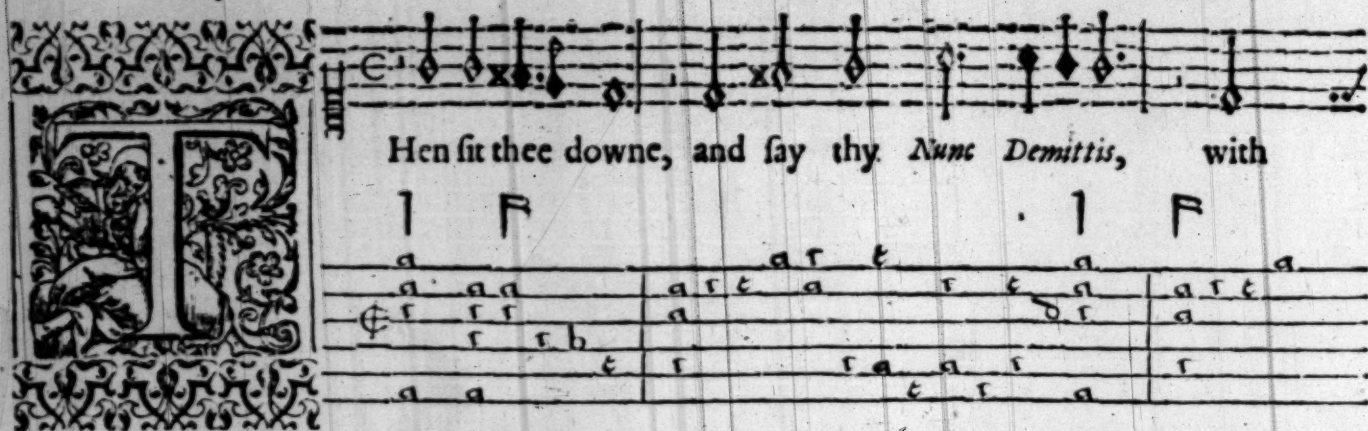
Imes eldest sonne olde age the heire of ease, strengthes

foe, loues woe and foster to deuotion: Bids gallant youthes in martial

prowes please, as for him selfe he hath no earthly motion, but thincks but thincks fighes

teares, vowes, prayers, and sacrifices, as good as shewes, masks, lusts, or Tilt deuises. But thincks:





Hen sit thee downe, and say thy *Nunc Demittis*, with

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

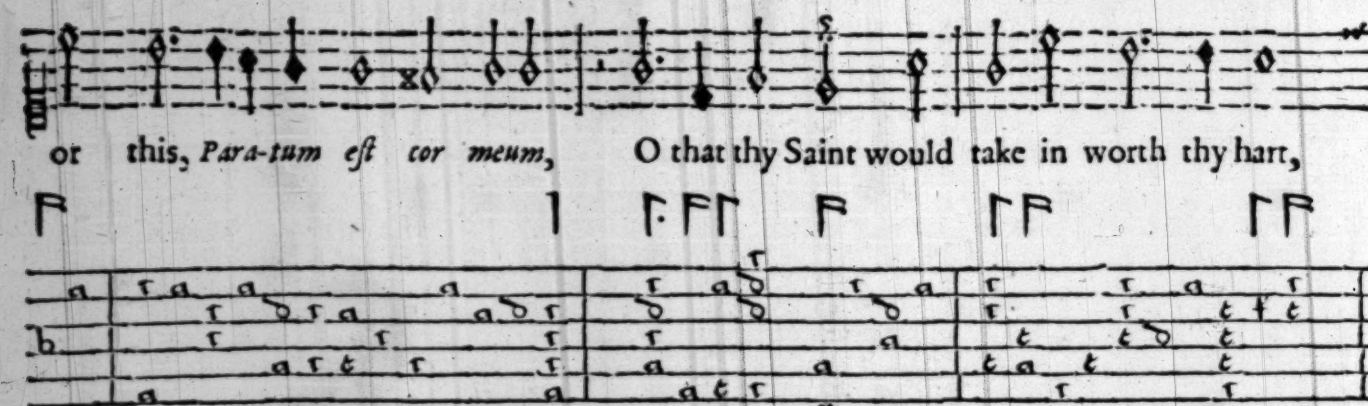


*De profundis, Credo, and Te Deum, Chant Mife-re-re for what now so fit is, as that,*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

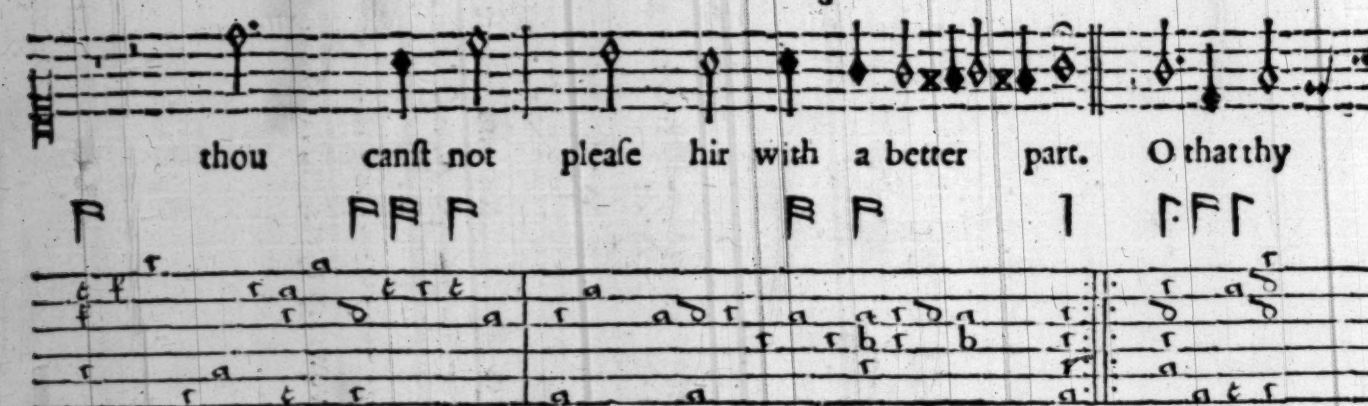


or this, *Para-tum est cor meum*, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*



thou canst not please hir with a better part. O that thy

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*

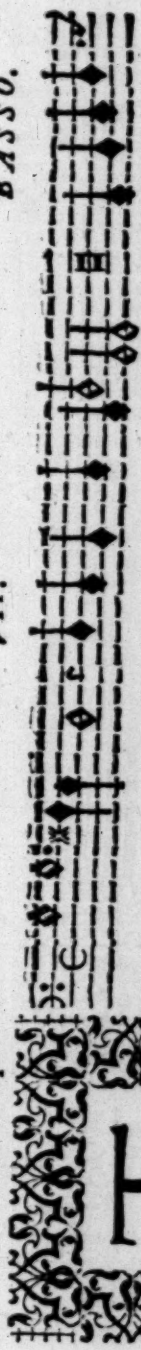
*a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a a*



Second part.

VII.

BASSO.



Hen sit thee downe and say thy *Nunc de-mittis* with *De profundis*,



*Credo*, and *Te deum*, chant *Mi-serere*, for what now so fit is, as that



or this, *Paratum est cor meum*, O that thy Saint would take in worth thy heart, thou canst



not please him with a better part. O that thy





Hen others sings *Venite exultemus,* stand by

and turne to *Noli emulari,* For *quare fremu- e-runt vsc oremus* *Viua*

*E-li-za,* *Vi-ua* *E-li-za,* For an *anc mari,* and teach those swains that

liues about thy cell, to say *A- men A- men* when thou dost pray so well.

Heere endeth the Songs of two parts.



Third part.

VIII.

BASSO.



Hen others sings *Venite venite exul-temus*, stand by and turne to *noli*



to *noli emu-lari*, for *quare fremuerunt vsc Oremus, Vi-* *uat E-li-za, Vi-*



*uat E-li-za* for an *Aue Mari*, and teach those swaines that liues a- bout thy cell: to sing



*men*, when thou doest pray so well.

*men A-*

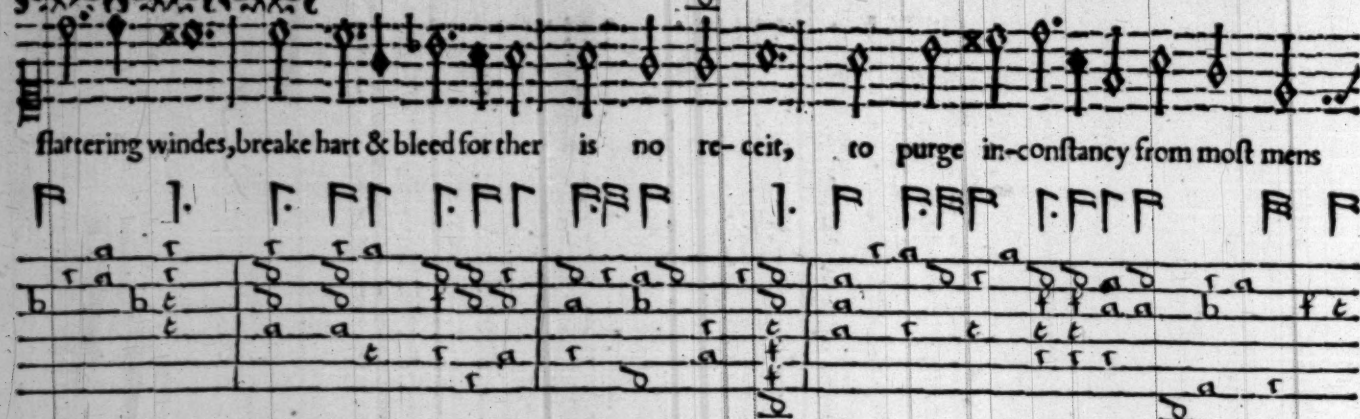
*A-*

Here endeth the songs of two parts.

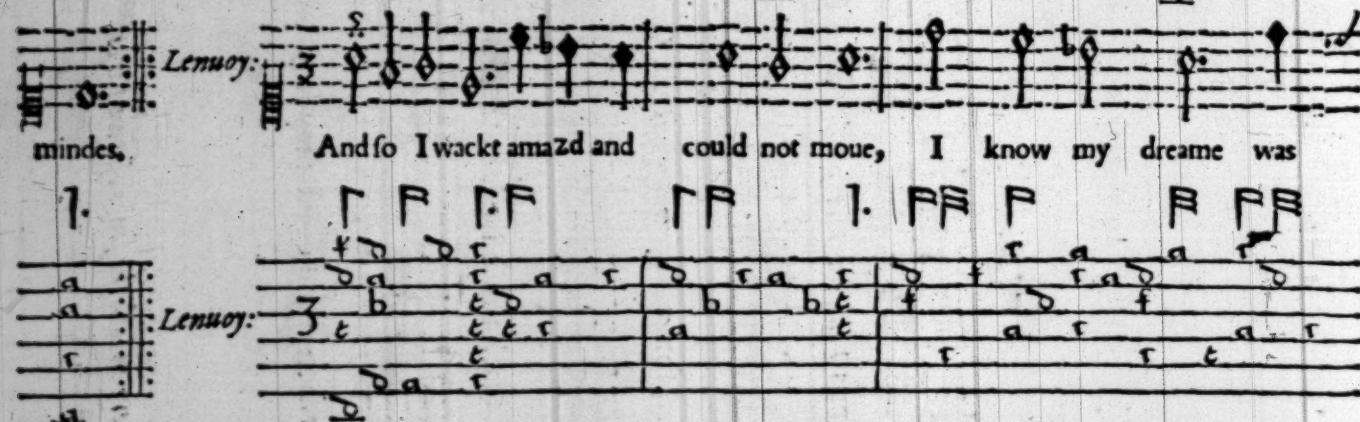




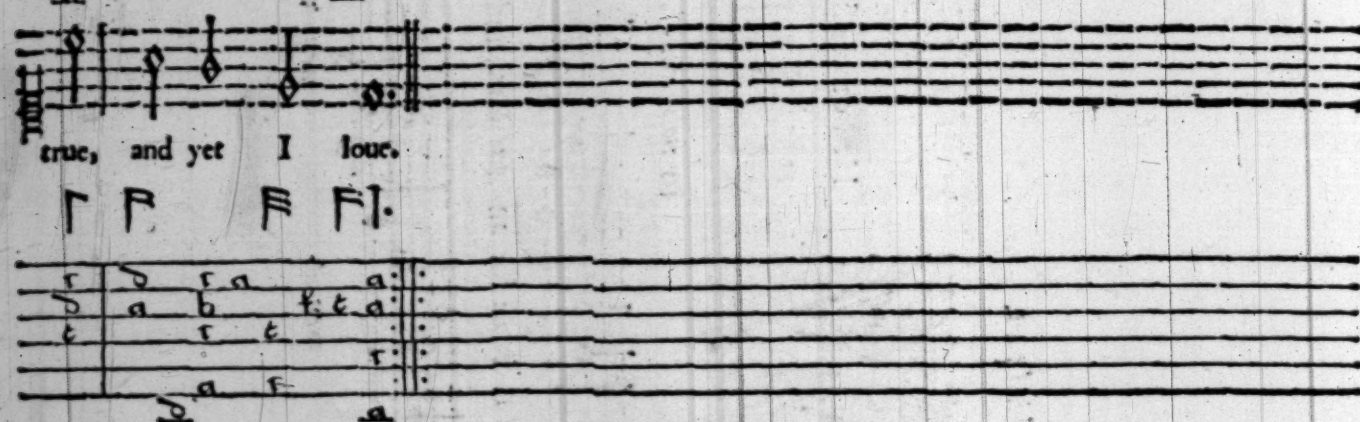
**P** Raife blindnesse eies, for see- ing is deceit, Bee dumbe vaine tongue, words are but



flattering windes, breake hart & bleed for ther is no re- ceit, to purge in-constancy from most mens



*Lenuoy:* And so I wackt amazzd and could not moue, I know my dreame was



*Lenuoy:* true, and yet I loue.

And if thine eares false Haraldis to thy hart,  
 Conuey into thy head hopes to obtaine,  
 Then tell thy hearing thou art deafe by art,  
 Now loue is art that wonted to be plaine,  
 Now none is bald except they see his braines,  
 Affection is not knowne till one be dead,  
 Reward for loue are labours for his paines,  
 Loues quiver made of gold his shafts of leade.  
 And so I wackt, &c.



**P** Raife blindnesse eyes, for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine tonge, words are but flattering windes,  
 And break hart & bleed, for there is no receipt, to purge inconstancy, from most mens mindes.  
 so I wackt amazed and could not moue, I know my dreame was true and yet I loue.

IX.

ALTO.

**P** IX. **BASSO.**  
 Raife blindnesse eyes for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine  
 tonge words are but flattering wyndes, break hart and bleed for there is no receipt,  
 to purge inconstancie from most mens myndes. And so I wack a-  
 maz'd and could not moue, I know my dreame was true, and yet I loue.

IX.

**P** IX. **TENORE.**  
 Raife blindnesse eyes for seeing is deceit, be dumbe vaine tonge, words are but flattering windes,  
 And break hart & bleed, for ther is no receipt, to purge inconstancy frō most mens mindes.  
 so I wackt amazed and could not moue, I know my dreame my dreame was true and yet I loue.





Sweet woods the de- light of so- li- ta- ri- nesse, O how

much doe I loue your so- li- ta- ri- nesse. From fumes de fire, from leues delight retu'd, In these sad

groues an Hermits life I led, And those false pleasures which I once ad-

mir'd, With sad re- mem- brance of my fall, ij I dead, To birds, to trees, to earth, im-

part I this, For shee lesse se- cret, and as sence- lesse is.

Experience which repentance onely brings,  
Doth bid mee now my hart from loue estrange,  
Loue is disdained when it doth looke at Kings,  
And loue loe placed base and apt to change:  
Ther power doth take from him his liberty,  
Hir want of worth makes him in cradell die.

O sweet woods, &c.

O how much, &c.

You men that giue false worship vnto Loue,  
And seeke that which you neuer shall obtaine,  
The endlesse worke of Sisyphus you procure,  
Whole end is this to know you strue in vaine,

Hope and desire which now your Idols bee,  
You needs must loose and feeble dispaire with mee.

O sweet woods, &c.

O how much, &c.

You woods in you the fairest Nymphs haue walked,  
Nymphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Loue,  
You woods in whom deere louers oft haue talked,  
How doe you now a place of mourning proue,  
Wansted my Mistres faith this is the doome,  
Thou art loues Childbed, Nurfery, and Tombe.

O sweet woods, &c.

O how much, &c.



**ALTO.**

Sweet woods the delight of Solitarinesse, O how much doe I loue your  
 Solitarinesse. From fumes desire, from lous delight retyrde, in these sad grones an Hermits lyfe  
 I led, I led, and those, ij. false pleasures which I once admir'd, with sad remembrance of my  
 fall, ij. I dread, to birds, to trees, to earth, ij. impart I this, for the lesse secret & as leccles is.

**To Maister Hugh Holland. X. BASSO.**

How much doe I loue your so- li- ta- rinesse.

From fumes desire, from lous delight retyrde, In those sad grones an  
 Hermits lyfe I led, I led, And these false pleasures which I  
 once admire, With sad remembrance of my fall, ij. I dread, to  
 birds, to trees, to earth, ij. impart I this, For the lesse secret and  
 as sencelesse is.

**TENORE.**

Sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse, O how much doe I loue your solitari- nesse.

From Fumes desire, from lous delight retyrde, in these sad grones an Hermits lyfe I led, I led,  
 and those false pleasures which I once admir'd, with sad remembrance of my fall, ij. I dread, to  
 birds, to trees, to earth, ij. impart I this, for shee lesse secret and as sencelesse sencelesse is.

G.





I fluds of teares could cleanse my follies past, And smoakes of sighes might sa-

ri- fice for sinne, If groning cries might salve my fault at last, Or endles mone, for

error pardon win, Then would I cry, weepe, sigh, and euer mone, mine er-

rors, fault, sins, follies past and gone.

I see my hopes must wither in their bud,  
 I see my fauours are no lasting flowers,  
 I see that woords will breede no better good,  
 Then losse of time and lightening but at houres,  
 Thus when I see then thus I say therefore,  
 That fauours hopes and words, can blinde no more.



**F** fluids of teares could clemse my follies past, And smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne, If  
 groning cries might salue my fault at last, Or endlesse mone for error pardon winne, Then would I cry, weepe,  
 sigh and euer mone, myne errors faile, errors faile, sinnes follies past and gone.

*ALTO.* *XI.*

**BASSO.** *XI.*


**F** fluids of teares could clemse my follies past, & smoakes of sighes might  
 sacrifice for sinne, if groning cries might salue my fault at last, or endlesse mone for  
 error pardon winne, Then would I crye, weep, sigh and euer mone, myne  
 errors ij. faults, sinnes follies past and gone.

**TENORE.** *XI.*

**F** fluids of teares could clemse my follies past, And smoakes of sighes might sacrifice for sinne, If  
 groning cries might salue my fault at last, Or endles mone for error pardon win, Then would I cry, weepe,  
 sigh, and euer mone, Mine errors, ij. faults, sins, sinns, follies past and gone.

*G.ii.*





Ine knacks for ladies, cheape choise braue and new, Good penniworths but

mony can-not moue, I keepe a faier but for the faier to view, a begger may bee liberall of

loue, Though all my wares bee trash the hart is true, the hart is true, the hart

is. true.

Great gifts are guiles and looke for gifts againe,  
 My trifles come, as treasures from my minde,  
 It is a precious Iewell to bee plaine,  
 Sometimes in shell th'orient pearles we finde,  
 Of others take a sheafe, of mee a graine,  
 Of mee a graine,  
 Of mee a graine.

Within this packe pinnes points laces & glones,  
 And diuers toies fitting a country faier,  
 But my hart where duty serues and loues,  
 Turtels & twins, courts brood, a heavenly paier,  
 Happy the hart that thincks of no-remoues,  
 Of no remoues,  
 Of no remoues.



**F** The knacks for Ladies, cheap, choise, braue and new, good peniworthes, but mony cannot moue, I keepe a fayer, but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberrall of loue, though all my wares be  
trafh, the heart is true, ij. is true.

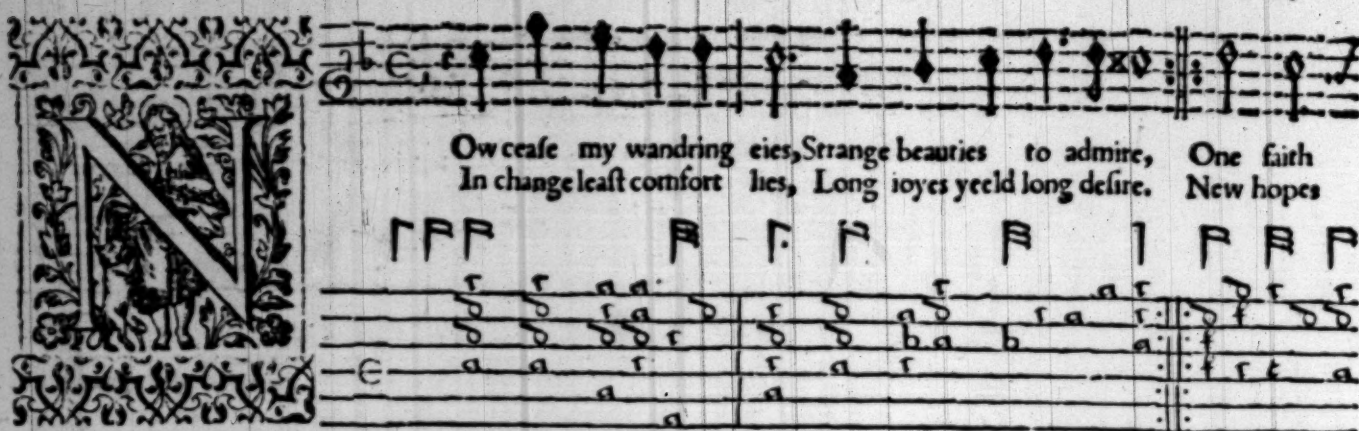
XII.

ALTO.

**F** XII. **BASSO.**  
The knacks for Ladies cheap, choise, braue and new, good peniworthes, but mony cannot moue, I keepe a fayer, but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberrall of loue: though all my wares be trafh, the heart is true, is true, the heart is true, ij. the heart is true.

XII. **TENORE.**  
**F** The knacks for Ladies, cheap, choise, braue and new, good peniworthes but mony cannot moue, I keepe a fayer but for the fayer to view, a begger may be liberrall of loue, though all my wares be trafh, the heart, the heart is true, ij. is true, the heart is true, the heart is true.





Ow cease my wandring eies, Strange beauties to admire, One faith  
In change least comfort lies, Long ioyes yeeld long desire. New hopes



one loue, Makes our fraile pleasures e-ter-nall, And in sweetnesse proue.  
new ioyes, Are still with sor-row decli-ning, Vn-to deepe a- noies.

One man hath but one soule,  
Which art cannot deuide,  
If all one soule must loue,  
Two loues most be denide,  
One soule one loue,  
By faith and merit vnited cannot remoue,  
Distracted spirits,  
Are euer changing & haplesse in their delights.

Nature two eyes hath giuen,  
All beautie to impart,  
Aswell in earth as heauen,  
But she hath giuen one hart,  
That though wee see,  
Ten thousand beauties yet in vs one should be,  
One stedfast loue, (moue.  
Because our harts stand fixt although our eies do



**N**

Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange bew-ties to admyre. One faith one  
 In change least comfort lyes, long loyes yeld long de-syre. New hopes new

love makes our fraile pleasures eter-nall, and in sweetnesse proue.  
 loyes are still with sor-row decli-ning, vn-to deep a- noyes.

*ALTO.* *XIII.*

**N**

Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange bew-ties to admyre.  
 In change least com-fort lyes, long loyes yeld long de-syre.

*BASSO.* *XIII.*

One faith one love makes our fraile pleasures e-ter-nall, and in sweetnesse proue.  
 New hopes new loyes are still with sor-row decli-ning, vn-to deep a- noyes.

**N**

Ow cease my wandring eyes, strange bew-ties to admyre. One faith one  
 In change least comfort lyes, long loyes yeld long desyre. New hopes new

love, ij.  
 loyes, ij.

makes our fraile pleasures eternall, and in sweetnesse proue.  
 are still with sorrow declining, vn-to deep a- noyes.

*TENORE.* *XIII.*





Ome yce heavy states of night, Doe my fathers spirit right,

1. P P P P P P P P P P

Sound- ings balefull let mee borrow, Burthe- ning my song with sorrow, Come sor- row come

P P P 1. P P P P P P P P P P P P P P P P

hir eies that sings, By thee are tur- ned in- to springs.

P P P P P P P P P P

Come you Virgins of the night,  
 That in Dirges sad delight,  
 Quier my Anthems, I doe borrow  
 Gold nor pearle, but sounds of sorrow:  
 Come sorrow come hir eies that sings,  
 By thee are tourned into springs.



are turned, are turned in-to springs.

let me borrow, burthening my song with sorrow, Come sorrow come come hit eyes that singes, by thee

Omne come ye heavy states of night, doe my fathers spirit right, soundings balefull

**C**

ALTO. XIIII.

**XIIII.**

**BASSO.**

Omne, come yee heauie states of night, Doe my fathers spirit right, Soundings balefull let mee borrow, Burthening my song with sorrow, Come sorrow come

hir eyes that singes, By thee are turned in-to springs.

**XIIII.**

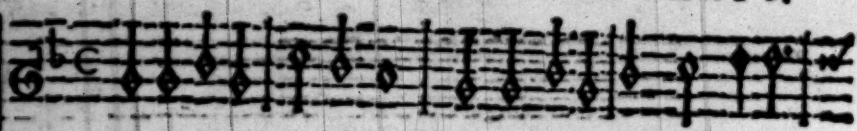
**TENORE.**

**C** Omne come ye heauie states of night, doe my fathers spirit right, soundings balefull let me

borrow, burthening my song with sorrow, Come sorrow come hit eyes that singes, by thee are turned, are turn'd into springs.

I.

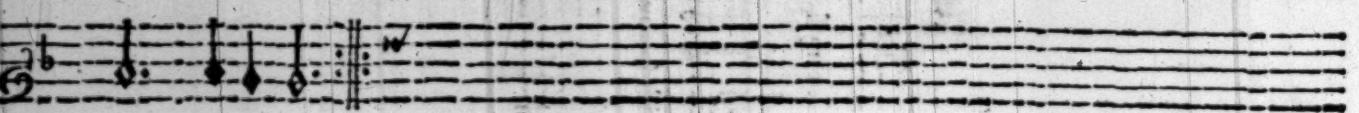
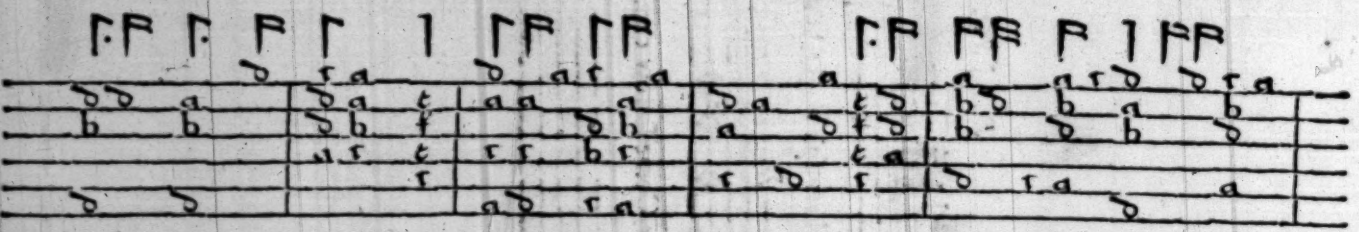




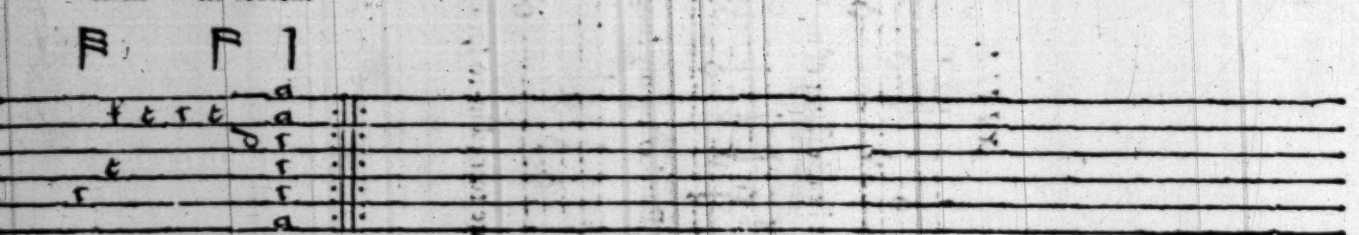
Hire as Lillies was hir face, When she smiled, She bee- guiled,



Quitting faith with foule disgrace, Vertue service thus neglected, Heart with for- rowes



hath in- fected.



2 When I swore my hart hir owne,  
Shee disdained,  
I complained,  
Yet shee left mee ouerthrowen,  
Careles of my bitter groning,  
Ruthlesse bent to no relieving.

3 Vowes and oaths and faith assured,  
Constant euer,  
Changing neuer,  
Yet shee could not bee procured,  
To belecue my paines exceeding,  
From hir scant neglect proceeding.

4 Oh that Loue should haue the art,  
By surmises,  
And disguises,  
To destroy a faithfull hart,  
Or that wanton looking women,  
Should reward their friends as foemen.

5 All in vaine is Ladies loue,  
Quickly choosed,  
Shortly loued,  
For their pride is to remoue,  
Out alas their looks first won vs,  
And their pride hath straight vndone vs.

6 To thy selfe the sweetest faier,  
Thou hast wounded,  
And confounded,  
Changles faith with foule dispaier,  
And my service hath enuied,  
And my succours hath denied.

7 By thine error thou hast lost,  
Hart vnfained,  
Truth vnstained,  
And the swaine that loued most,  
More assured in loue then many,  
More dispised in loue then any.

8 For my hart though set at nought,  
Since you will it,  
Spoile and kill it,  
I will neuer change my thoughts,  
But grieve that beautie ere was borne.



Grace, Vertue service thus neglected, Heart with sorrowes hath in- fected.

Hite as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled, Quirring faith with foule dis-

ALTO. XV.

XV. BASSO.

**W** Hite as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled, Quit-  
ting faith with foule disgrace, Vertue service thus neglected, Heart with sorrowes  
hath infected.

XV. TENORE.

Hite as Lillies was hir face, When shee smiled, Shee beguiled, Quirring faith with foule dis-  
grace, Vertue service thus neg- lected, heart with sorrowes with sorrowes hath in- fected.



Ofull hart with grieve oppressed, Since my fortunes most dis-  
 tressed, From my ioyes hath mee re-mo-ued, Follow those sweet  
 eies adored, Those sweet eyes where- in are stored, All my plea- sures  
 best bee- loued.

Fly my breast, leaue mee forsaken,  
 Wherein Griefe his seate hath taken,  
 All his arrowes through mee darting,  
 Thou maist liue by hir Sunne-shining,  
 I shall suffer no more pining,  
 By thy losse, then by hir parting.





ALTO.

XVI.

**W** *BASSO.*  
*XVI.*  
 Ofull heart with griefe oppressed, since my fortunes most distressed, from my Ioyes hath me re- mou'd, follow those sweet eyes, sweet eyes a- dored, all my pleasures best beloved.

*XVI.* *TENORE.*  






Shepherd in a shade, his plaining made, Of loue and lo-uers wrong,  
 Since loue and Fortune will, I honour still, your faue and louely eye,

Vn- to the fairest lasse, That trode on grasse, And thus be- gan his song,  
 What conquest will it bee, Sweet Nymph for thee, It I for sorrow dye. Restore, restore my

hart againe, Which loue by thy sweet lookes hath slaine, Least that inforst by your disdain, I sing,

Fye fye on loue, yj. it is a foolish thing.

My hart where haue you laid O cruell maide,  
 To kill when you might saue,  
 Why haue yee cast it forth as nothing worth,  
 Without a tombe or graue.  
 O let it be intombed and lye,  
 In your sweet minde and memorie,  
 Least I resound on euery warbling string,  
 Fye fye on loue that is a foolish thing.

My hart where haue you laid O cruell maide,  
 To kill when you might saue,  
 Why haue yee cast it forth as nothing worth,  
 Without a tombe or graue.  
 O let it be intombed and lye,  
 In your sweet minde and memorie,  
 Least I resound on euery warbling string,  
 Fye fye on loue that is a foolish thing.



**A** **XVII.** **ALTO.**

Shepherd in a shade, his playning made, of loue & louers wrong, vn- to the fairest lasse,  
Since loue and fortune will, I honour still, your faire & louely eye, what conquest will it be,  
that trode on grasse, and thus began his song.  
sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for for-row dye.  
Restore restore my heart a-

gaine, which loue by thy sweet looks hath slaine, by your disdain I sing, sic sic on loue, sic sic on loue,  
sic, it is a foolish thing.

**XVII.** **BASSO.**

**A** Shepherd in a shade, his playning made, of loue &  
Since loue and fortune will, I ho-nour still, your faire &  
lo-uers wrong, vn- to the fai-rest lasse, that trode on  
loue-ly eye, what conquest will it be, sweet Nimphe for  
grasse, and thus began his song.  
thee, if I for forrow dye.  
Restore restore my heart a-

gaine, which loue by thy sweet looks hath slaine, least that inforst  
by your disdain I sing, sic sic on loue, sic sic on loue sic it  
is a fo-lish thing.

**XVII.** **TENORE.**

**A** Shepherd in a shade, his playning made, of loue and louers wrong, vn- to the fai-rest lasse,  
Since loue & fortune wil, I ho-nour still, your faier and louely eye, what conquest will it be,  
ij. that trode on grasse, and thus began his song. Restore restore my heart a-  
sweet Nimphe for thee, if I for for-row dye.  
gaine, which loue by thy sweet sweet looks hath slaine, least that inforst, inforst by your disdain, ij.  
I sing sic sic on loue, sic sic sic on loue it is a foolish thing.

K.ii.



Action that euer dwels, In court where wits excells, hath set de-  
 fiance, Fortune and loue hath sworne, That they were neuer borne, of one aliance.

1 Fortune sweares, weakeſt harts  
 The booke of *Cupids* arts  
 Turne with hir wheele,  
 Sences themſelues ſhall proue  
 Venture hir place in loue  
 Aſke them that feele.

2 This diſcord it beget  
 Atheiſt that honour not  
 Nature thought good,  
 Fortune ſhould euer dwell  
 In court where wits excell  
 Loue keepe the vwood.

3 So to the wood vvent I  
 With loue to liue and die  
 Fortune forlorne,  
 Experience of my youth  
 Made mee thinke humble truth  
 In deſert borne.

4 My ſaint is deere to mee,  
 And Ione hir ſelfe is ſhee  
 Ione faier and true,  
 Ione that doth euer moue,  
 Paſſions of loue with loue  
 Fortune adiew.



and loue, hath sworne, that they were ne-uer borne of one a-liance,

Action that e-uer dwells, in Court where wittes excell, hath set de-fiance, fortune

**F**

XVIII.

ALTO.

XVIII.

BASSO.

Action, that euer dwells, in Court where wittes excell, hath set de-fiance, fortune, and loue hath sworne, that they were neuer borne, of one alliance.

**F**

XVIII.

TENORE.

Action, that euer dwells, in Court where wittes excell, hath set de-fiance: Fortune and loue, hath sworne, that they were ne-uer borne, of one a-liance,

**F**





Shall I sue shall I seeke for grace? Shall I pray shall I proue? Shall I  
 Strive to a heavenly Ioy, with an earthly loue? Shall I think that a bleeding hart or  
 a wounded eie, Or a sigh can ascend the cloudes to at-taine so hie.

2 Silly wretch forsake these dreames,  
 of a vaine desire,  
 Obethinke what hie regard,  
 holy hopes doe require.  
 Fauour is as faire as things are,  
 treasure is not bought,  
 Fauour is not wonne with words,  
 nor the wish of a thought.

3 Pittie is but a poore defence,  
 for a dying hart,  
 Ladies eies respect no mone,  
 in a meane desert.  
 Shee is to worthie far,  
 for a worth so base,  
 Cruell and but iust is shee,  
 in my iust disgrace.

Iustice giues each man his owne,  
 though my loue bee iust,  
 Yet will not shee pittie my grieffe,  
 therefore die I must,  
 Silly hart then yeeld to die,  
 perish in dispaire,  
 Witnesse yet how faine I die,  
 When I die for the faire.



*ligh can ascend the cloudes, ascend the cloudes, to attaine so hie.*

*loye, with an earthly loue, shall I thinck that a bleeding heart, ij.*

*Hall I sue, shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray, shall I proue, shall I strue to a heavenly*

*or a wounded eye, or a*

**S**

*ALTO.*

*XIX.*

*XIX.*

*BASSO.*

**S**

*Hall I sue shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray shall I proue,*

*shall I strue to a heavenly loue with an earthly loue: Shall I thinck, ij.*

*that a bleeding heart or a wounded eye, or a sigh, can ascend the cloudes*

*to attaine so hie.*

*XIX.*

*TENORE.*

**S**

*Hall I sue, shall I seeke for grace, shall I pray, shall I proue, shall I strue to a heavenly*

*loye with an earthly loue, Shall I thinck that a bleeding heart or a wounded eye, or a sigh*

*can ascend the cloudes, the cloudes, to attaine so hie.*



for  
**F**inding in fields:  
 ye shall finde a  
 better dittie.



Offe not my soule, O loue twixt hope and feare,

Shew mee some ground where I may firme-ly stand or sure-ly

fall, I care not which a-peare, So one will close mee

in a cer-taine band. When once of ill the vtter-most is

known, The strength of sor-row quite is o-uer throwne.

Take mee Assurance to thy blisfull holde,  
 Or thou Despaire vnto thy darkeſt Cell,  
 Each hath full reſt, the one in ioyes enrolde,  
 Th'other, in that hee feares no more, is well:  
 When once the vttermoſt of ill is knowne,  
 The ſtrength of ſorrow quite is ouerthrowne.

*The end of the foure parts.*



the strength of sorrow quite is overthrowne.

certaine band, in a certaine band.

When once of ill, the vttermost is knowne, ij.

I care not which appeare, so one will close mee in a

stand, or surely fall, ij.

Offe not my soule (O loue) twixt hope and feare, shew mee some ground wher I may firm-

ALTO.

BASSO.

XX.

Offe not my soule: Shew mee some ground where I may firmly stand, or

surely fall, ij. I care not which appeare, so one will close, ij.

XX.

will close mee in a certaine band.

When once of

ill the vttermost is knowne, the strength of sorrow quite is ouer throwne.

The end of the foure parts.

XX. TENORE.

Offe not my soule, (O loue) twixt hope & feare, ij. Shew mee some ground

where I may firmly stand or surely fall, or fall, or surely fall, I care not which appeare, ij.

so one will close, mee in a certaine band.

When once of ill, the vtter-

most, when once of ill the vttermost is knowne, the strength of sorrow quite is ouer throwne.

M.



Yet harring notes out ringeth.

Lecre or Cloudie: Of that night bird that singeth, Who thought all sweet, it.

For a treble Viol.


XXI.

O. L. N. T. O.

CANTO.

XXI.

Leare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showing, Smoth or frowning so is hir



face to mee, Pleas'd or smiling like milde May all flowring, When skies blew silke and me- dows

carpets bee, Hir speeches notes of that night bird that singeth, Who thought all

sweet yet harring notes out- ring- eth.

Hir grace like Iune, when earth and trees bee trimde,  
In best attire of compleat beauties height,  
Hir loue againe like sommers daies bee dimde,  
With little cloudes of doubtfull constant faith,  
Hir trust hir doubt, like raine and heat in Skies,  
Gently thundring, she lightning to mine eies,

Sweet sommer spring that breatheth life and growing,  
In weedes as into hearbs and flowers,  
And sees of seruice diuers sorts in sowing,  
Some haply seeming and some being yours,  
Raine on your hearbs and flowers that truly serue,  
And let your weedes lack dew and duely sterue.



notes of that night bird that sing, who thought all sweet, yet larring notes out ringeth.

or smiling, like milde may all flowring, when Skies blew filke and medowes car-pets be, hir speeches,

Leare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring, smoth or frowning, so is hir face to mee, pleald

ALTO.

XXI.

XXI.

BASSO.

Leare or Clowdie, (sweet as Aprill showring, smoth or frowning, so is hir face to mee, pleald or smiling, like milde May all flowring, when Skies blue filke and medowes carpets be, hir speeches notes of that night bird that singeth, who thought all sweet, yet larring notes out ringeth.

XXI.

TENORE.

Leare or cloudie sweet as Aprill showring, smoth or frowning so is hir face to mee, pleald or smiling like mild May all flowring, when Skies blew filke blew filke and Medowes carpets be, hir speeches notes of that night bird that singeth, who thought all sweet yet larring notes out ringeth.

Mij.



Violin I  
Princes  
Chorus  
For a treble Viol.  
XXII.  
XXIII.  
XXIV.

A Dialogue. XXII. CANTO.

Humor say what mak'st thou heere, In the presence of a Queene,

Thou art a heavy leaden moode,

Chorus: But neuer Hu- mor yet was true, but that but that but that that that that that

that which one-ly one-ly pleaseth you.

1 O, I am as heavy as earth,  
Say then who is Humor now.  
1 Why then tis I am drownde in woe,  
But neuer Humor, &c.  
1 Mirth then is drownde in sorrowes brim,  
Oh, in sorrow all things sleepe.  
1 In hir presence all things smile,  
Humor frolike then a while.  
But neuer Humor, &c.



*Alto.*

*Chorus:*

*Venor:*

*H*

*XII.*

*But never humor yet was*

*care, but that but that but that but that but that which only only pleases you.*

XVII. *BASSO.*

**H** Princes should conceit most  
Vmor:

decre, all conceit in humor scene:

*Chorus.* 3 1 but neuer humor yet was true, but that but that that  
that that that that that which one-ly pleaseth you.

2 I am now inclin'd to mirth,  
humor I as well as thou.

2 No no wit is cherisht so,  
but neuer humor:&c.

2 No no foole the light's things swim,  
heaueie things sinck to the deepe:  
but neuer humor:&c.

XVII. TENORE.

H

Vmor:

Chorus:

But neuer humor yet was true, but that but that

but that that that that that that that that that which one-ly pleaseth you.

N.



BASSO.

Owlands adew.



FINIS.

Dowlands adew for Master Oliver Cromwell.

Handwritten musical score for the song "Dowlands adew for Master Oliver Cromwell." The score is written on ten staves, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation is in a style typical of 17th-century manuscript notation, with notes and rests clearly visible. The score is divided into two systems of five staves each. The first system contains the first five staves, and the second system contains the remaining five staves. The word "FINIS." is written at the end of the second system.



Perfect

(Print last leaf out away)

B. B. B. B.

25. August

26. VI. 1912



**TITLE** *The second booke of  
tableture.*

**AUTHOR** *Dowland, John*

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